AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 14 years; G. A. Martin is News Editor,

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L. Sharpe, and John P. Ramsey.

Sowing Dragons' Teeth

ARTIAL LAW in Mexico, with summary execution of alleged political offenders, is, of course, a confession of the inadequacy of the government to deal with crime through its civil courts. The use of this terrible method of reprisal may be necessary at this time, but if it is, then God save Mexico. For, as Carlyle says, never was seed sown that springs to multiply as does the blood of men slain in civil or religious conflict. It was true of Madero's cause, and from the blood of the slain sprang the partisans that put Medero in Chapulteper. Now it is to work the other way, and out of rebels and bandits Madero will create "martyrs" from whose seed will come more rebels and more bandits.

This business of sending a squad under a lieutenant to chase suspects across country and assassinate them when caught, upon only a drumhead examination, makes an unpleasant impression upon Americans. To pursue, to arrest, to confine those suspected of intrigue—these are necessary, desirable, and commendable. But to stand men against the wall for a death volley, without the benefit of fair trial, can be only the last extreme of a sorely pressed government, or else the too precipitate and ill considered expedient of a government which, without sufficient cause, fancies itself insecure, and betrays its feeling through sanctioning

Even in the great American conflict, half a century ago, when over a million were in arms and the hearts of men were strained to the breaking point, when titterness ruled and measures of reprisal were conceived too often in hate and cruel excess,-even then, offenders against the military law, spies, deserters, ilagrant transgressors, were never put to death without formal trial, and the formal written approval of a general officer after full consideration of the case. These cases went up through the grades for approval, from brigade to division commanders, to corps commanders, and generally on to the supreme commander of the armies in the field, by whom they were referred, except in the most urgent caues, to the commander in chief of the army, the president of the United States, or the president of the confederacy. This was how Americans engaged in as bitter strife as the world ever knew, respected the lives of men charged with

But Mexico gives the power of life and death to a sergeant, or a lieutenant, or a colonel, and orders some petty officer to chase down malefactors and murder them. It would be in better taste if suspects were ordered arrested and taken before a general officer for trial, no executions to be permitted without the special approval of the president of the republic, or/at the very least, the general commanding the military department, who may be presumed to be a man of some responsibility and discretion.

If president Madero does not wish to lose some of the prestige of good will he has built up; both in Mexico and the United States, he will do well to go a little slow on this "summary execution" business. It may suit the little republies of South America and Central America, but it does not suit the Mexico of the year 1911. Italy is making the same mistake in Morocco, and for every Moor whose life is taken thus in angry haste, three Italians will die within the year. It is the law of the jungle, and Mexico has been supposed to have

advanced beyond that stage. A revulsion of feeling is what dethroned Diar and set Madero in his place. A revulsion of feeling now might embarrass Madero just as he is seeking to put his reforms into effect. Public opinion on his side is quite as important as a loyal army-perhaps more so. If Madero's enemies succeed in exciting sympathy,

it may be worth more to them than guns and powder. To shed blood in the manner inaugurated this week on the border, is to sow dragons' teeth. Can no other way be found? The friends of Mexico, her sincere wellwishers, hope there is some mistake in the report of Madero's order. One hardly knows whether to characterize it, as savage, or as pitifully weak. In either case it is as dangerous as it is unworthy of the republic and its chief

Paradise Regained

FIFTY PERCENT increase in the water rate to all domestic consumers and commercial houses, requires more than a word to explain it, especially with the provision incorporated in the council's resolution that makes it possible to conclude special contracts at special rates with any large consumer. The people have been prepared for some necessary increase, but it would seem to an unprejudiced observer as if the easy-going taxpaying public were entitled to a figure or two, on which to base a judgment. The childlike licity of such expressions as, "Great sums of money," in an official docur involving an increase of some \$40,000 per year in the cost of water supply to the people, is doubtless most pleasing to every member of the "Don't Worry Club." The Audit peacefully sleeps. It is quite enough, in the opinion of the mayor and city council, that the taxpayers be officially informed that there have been spent, for divers and sundry things, "Great sums of money." The formula is recommended as a nerve sedative, soothing and sleep inducing. Why trouble one's self over anything ever anyhow? Things are all right. Let things be. Let the earth revolve. Let the stars shine. Let time go on. Don't worry. Please don't. You might throw everything off balance. Smile and you win friends wherever you go-Ella Willer Wheelcox says so. You deceive yourself if you think that knowledge brings happiness. Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, and they have been paying taxes and water bills ever since.

Paying the Price

SGR MAYBE we should not have tarred her"-such is the extent of the contrition expressed by one of the self confessed Kansas savages, who has been given a sentence of one year in jail for his part in the orgie. These brutes were all "prominent citizens" in their little town, prosperous farmers, merchants, millers, and so on. Their lustful minds had been poisoned by gossips like themselves, until they resolved to "paint the school teacher" as a "hint to leave town." So they attacked a helpless girl, five or six savages to one unprotected and unsuspecting female, and indulged their foul propensitiesin the name of morality and reform, and "a cleaner Shady Bend." Outside of lynching orgies in Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and Mississippi, it is doubtful if American criminal annals contain a comparable case. Fortunately, the trial came up before a judge of backbone and decency, and one year in jail is the sentence imposed even on those that have pleaded guilty.

Thomas Hardy might use that local color. The local color in this case was a patented roof paint. This happened in Kansas, where the farmers, universally acknowledged to be the repositories of all wisdom, virtue, and piety, wore masks for fear the Lord might recognize them as they pursued Art for Art's Sake.

Quick trial, quick punishment, swift and sure, will help to discourage such indulgence at another's expense. That Virginia case-it is over, and few-are sorry it is over. Sad the death of the young man, sadder still the sorrow of his stricken family, and so deep the suffering of the family of the murdered wife that they cannot find it in their hearts to feel or express resentment against the wayward youth who has paid the price.

For governor Mann, there can be nothing but admiration and gratitude, for his firmness in this case. Here was a criminal of wealthy and prominent family, with powerful friends, personal and political; false sentiment aroused the country over, and tremendous pressure from a thousand sources, seeking to have the governor interfere with the course of justice. Against it all he stood like a rock, and accepted his great responsibility without a quaver, yet without

like a root, and except thin gard trapposality without a quarry, viet without the property of the property of

UNCLE Denatured Poem

THAD taken ponds of poison, I had taken loads of pills, in a fierce, prolonged endeavor to alleviate my ills; from a thousand drugstore flagons I had blown the costly foam, and I talked about my symptoms till the all-fired cows came home. And it used to grieve me vastly that my friends refused to stand while I talked of my diseases and my aches, to beat the band.

Then my Uncle Jeremiah came and sat beside my cot, THE CHRONIC INVALID and he said: "I will not listen to a string of tommyrot; you have talked about your allments, you have

brooded o'er your pains, till you think them living issues, and they've soured your poor old brains. I have come around to cure you, and I will," my uncle said, and he took me by the ankles and he hauled me out of bed. Then he made me don my raiment and he chased me out of doors, and he urged me with a pitchfork till I helped him do the chores. All the day he kept me humping and whene'er I paused to tell of my handsome line of symptoms, he would simply give a yell, and look around him for a dornick; so I learned to hold my peace, and I also learned the value, as a cure, of elbow grease!

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The Daily Horrorscope By T. K. Hedrick

The "Gink" Says:



Mars and the sun are to be in opposition at noon today, and any wars that may be hanging fire on this vexed blanet, should go off with a loud "bang!" today, or else, forever hold their peace, or piece, we forget which. Germany and France and Great Britain are all trying to preserve the peace, or piece, but if it isn't spelled right and they all want the same piece, why there may be trouble. The stars forecast many acrimonious disputes, if not open quarrels today, among nations. This insanity of fighting to settle disputes in which both parties are wrong, is not to be cured by arbitration, it seems. Maybe we should try reforming the individuals? But they'll first have to learn to avoid private quarrels, and today gives a fine occasion for them to prove their kindness, tact, forbearance and "horse-sense," for the influences of the stars are some-

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The Pendant

(By Henri Falk.)

early and began to tidy her dressing table. Opening a silver jewel case she cried in a voice of de-

"My pendent."
M. Persifry, who was reading in bed, dropped his paper and jumped out on the floor. Pointing to the empty case. his wife cried:
"It is not there! It has been stolen!
My pendeat!"
"Oh, I suppose you must have mis-

"It is not there! It and been stored.

My pendast!"

"Ch. I suppose you must have mislaid it somewhere."

They ransacked feverishly every drawer in the dressing table, every nook and corner in the wardrobe and then stood staring at each other. Persifry, who was rather stout, had become quite purple in the face with exertion. He threw himself into an easy chair and scratched his head. His wife who was thin and nervous, had grown pale, almost green and pressed her hands against her beating heart. They had retired from business some years before, were very saving and the loss of a jewel valued at 6000 francs was a very serious matter to them.

"Now let us see," he panted, "when ou wear it last?" he panted, "when

week ago, at Daurier's dinner and I remember distinctly put-back into the case when we "and you are sure you did not leave the key in the lock of the drawer?" "No. I always carry the key in my

lock which was of excellent workmanship, had not been forced. The clock struck eight. The younger Persifrys were still asleep, as Firmin Fersifrys were still asleep, as Firmin slid not have to go courf on Sundays, nor Celeste to her music leasons. Their mother ran to their rooms to wake them up and tell them what had happened. A family council was heid in the parents' room. Firmin, a lanky young fellow of about 18, was sleepy and wanted to go back to bed, while Celeste, a girl of 15, opened her blue eyes wide in surprise. Whom should they suspect? The maids? Persifry told them of the theft just to see how they would take it. The chambermaid, Annette, a pretty, dark-haired girl, and site, a pretty, dark-haired girl, and clecia, the fat cook, both gave way to sitable exclamations of surprise. When

had been sent out again Persifry "Did you notice how Felecia blushed?" blushed?"
"But paps," cried Celeste, "she is the niece of the dairyman.
"And I engaged Annette," said madame, "because she had such excellent

commendations from a Russian fam-"Certainly," said Firmin, "Annette Certainly, Said Firmin, Annette is a very honest girl."

Other suggestions were made. They remembered the visits of several agents, of a woman who wanted to sell lace, but none of them had been inside. Then there was a masseur, but he was a consider. was a conclerge. Annette entered with some letters.

Annette entered with some letters. Among these was a printed circular which read: "John Gibewlett, former detective. Villa Mon Reve, rue de Paris. Shadowing, divorces, detective work of all kinds. Success certain. Payment only in case of success." Persifry handed it to his wife with a bitter smile, but she saw in the coincidence a hint from heaven.

"As we don't have to pay unless he finds it, we don't run any risk," she finds it, we don't run any risk," she

Persifry would not listen and was giving his reasons, when Mederic, an old uncle of his wife, came to invite them all to a sall on the river. When had been told what had happened

GDAY Mme. Persifry had got up | find it. If I do, it is according to

made hotes, measured madame's waist, counted the number of buttons in Persifry's vest, patted Celeste's cheek, sat down and asked for a good clear and some brandy. Then he sat for half an hour silent, with half-closed eyes, thinking and smeking in the most comfortable chair in the house, his clients gazing at him in respectful silence.

Suddenly he arose and said abruptly: "I will begin my examination."
He made them all leave the room and covered up the keyholes. Then he once more opened the door of the room where they were all gathered and said: "M. Mederic, will you please come in here?"

"I beg your pardon," said the old fellow with a smile, "I am the uncle—"
"That makes no difference, My examination recognizes no uncles." When alone with the old man, he made him sit down pierced him long with his gray eyes and said curtly. "You may go." The man meekly obeyed.

"Celeate," Gibewiett called, "What," exclaimed Mme, exclaimed Mme. Persifry 'my daughter!"
"My method recognizes no daugh-

When they were alone, Gibewlett "Have you nothing to confess, ma-lemoiselle" "Nothing at all."

"Then give me one of your pretty white hands."
To calm her, he held it long in both of his own, drew her close to him, kissed her several times and sent her away, calling:
"Firmin."

Firmin blushingly confessed that he ad a love affair with Annette.
"Disgusting," exclaimed Gibewlett and called: "Felecte!" while Firmin and called: "Felecie!" while Firmin left the room shamefacedly. The cook, bursting into tears, assured that she was innocent. He ask-ed her a few questions and sent her away asking her to let Annette come

As soon as they were alone, he said with the purest Menilmontant accent: "Here it is darling," and took the pendant from his pocket.
"Thank you Julot," she replied, slipping it into her own pocket. "Have you had the sapphires changed?"
"You bet! It was done the day after you swined it in care they might dis-

you swiped it, in case they might dis-sover their loss right away. But it will be better for you to leave this

Young Hunters. BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE JOY OF HUNTING RABBITS

EVERY COUNTRY BOY KNOWS

AMILIAR to every country born boy in the land is the spectacle of a general assortment of dogs of high and low degree, reinforced by a yelling pack of lusty youngsters, armed with sticks and stones, joining in pursuit of that classic quarry, the fleet footed "Molic Cotton-tail."

Every hunter, as a matter of fact, began his hunting with a rabbit, for the cotton-tail falls victim to his two-legged enemy long before that hopeful is the proud owner of a rifle, an air guin, or a single-barreled shotgua Every boy that gets a genuine square deal in this life has a dog, and the greatest dog in the world for any boy is a rabbit dog. The term legs broad and genbit dog. The term is a broad and general one. Almost any kind of a dog will run a rabbit, with varying degrees of success depending on the size of the dog, his speed and the nature of the ground in which the quarry was jumped What is more picturesque than a field full of happy youngsters, lined up like a row of pickets, as they scour across the stubble behind a nondescript bunch of canines, each looking for the supreme moment when a rabbit shall be jumped. None of them owns a gun, the authorities at home having ruled that guns shall come later on in life, but what cares the kid just so he gets rabbit meat?

The ouward march is not without rebit dog. The term is a broad and gen-

the authorities at home are on in life, one have on the series of the same of

afresh. The contest is brief, Confused, the cotton-tail knows not where to turn. He darts this way only to encounter a dog and a boy. He turns yonder and is confronted by others, and that very turn cost him dear, for in a jiffy a cur dog and a brown form merge into one flying image, yellow and brown and a white dor mingle in a swiftly moving picture, brown-gray fur floats in the air, there's a squeal

of his experiences, how he had discovered the gang of the "Bloody Delicatessen Dealers," who murdered people with todienschlagers made from sausage skin filled with lead and how he had brought to justice the little tailor of Nafenaf street who cut out the tongues of old maids and they them into the wells to poison the water, but he refused to reyeal his methter, but he refused to reveal his meth-

ods
Then Annette came back, followed
by Felecie bringing the pendant. The
false detective gave the false lewels
back to Persifry, who paid him 2500
francs as agreed. Then he saluted
stiffly and left.

14 Years Ago Years Ago To-This Date 1897

Bill Oliver of the White Oaks road has been given his first engine.

Tom Masam and wife came down over the Santa Fe this afternoon.

General traffic agent Logan of the Correlitos road, has gone to Dallas.

Peter Murray has returned from an extended mining trip in the west.

A. B. Ritchie, of the Vandalia, left over the T. P. for Dallas this morning.

Alderman Kohlberg and wife have returned from their trip to New York.

City clerk Ben Catllin left this noon on a 10 days' leave of absence to be spent in mine investigating in Mexico.

A. M. Davis & Co., of New York and Mexico City, have opened up a branch office here, placing T. Hertman in charge. Bill Oliver of the White Oaks road

"Molly Cottontail" Furnishes Sport in Many Ways and Is the Prey of All

Extending Operations.

Extending Operations.

With ever-increasing confidence your rabbit hunting witnessed extended operations. Late in the aftermoons you crept down the lane and picked officine here and there as he hopped along by the old fence, and stopped from time to time to look and listen for an old road is a favorite place for a rabbit, early of a morning and late of an evening. Jay birds, wood-peckers, "yeller hammers," and other equally unfortunate members of the feathered tribe fell victims to that old muzzle-loader. Then one day you walked through the sedge field hoping to kill a rabbit "settin," but he refused to set and just ran on off. You raised the old gun, pointed it is long time, pulled the trigger, and sabbit rolled over. You had killed your first one running and a new era in your hunting career had been reached. From then on it was easy and steady, from then on it was easy and steady. From then on no rabbit is any stalk or weed field was safe from that old gun, and soon those name cur dogs joined those same boys and scoured the fields again. This time the boys had single-barreled shotgung and muzzle joaders, and the rabbit that ran the gantiet of that Ilring squadron deserved to get away.

All Really Like B.

But the boys are not the only ones to whom a rabbit hunt is a piensure. Deep down in his heart every sportsman likes to try his luck at a rabbit. He will whip up his bird dog lustily—for running a rabbit—and all bird dogs will chase them industriously unless the inclination is thrashed out of themand yet will say to himself that he doesn't blame that dog much. A bounding rabbit, darting here and yonder with the speed of the wind, is no mean target for the best of guns, and a straightaway down hill, over plowed ground, rolling over and over again from the momentum, is adequate reward for a well timed shot. In thick weeds where only a fleeting vision of the quarry is obtainable, it takes quick and accurate work to stop a cotton-tail. On many an occasion a rabbit will furnish an interesting situation for the sportsman hunting qualt. A rabbit is no respecter of time or place, and even though the bird dog is working out a hot trail on brids, if it takes him by the bed of a cotton-tail, something will be doing. It takes a lot of self-denial on the part of any dog to pass up a rabbit, running for qualt mot yet located. On the prairies a pretty race is furnished by the great lack rabbit said the fleat greybound. Sometimes one is winner, sometimes the other. The hound is fleetest of the lack rabbit gives the swift dog many a silde and tumble as he tries to All Really Like It. of the jack rabbit gives the swift dog many a silde and tumble as he tries to stop and go the other way—the jack rabbit has taken.

der and is confronted by others, and that very turn cost him dear, for in a lifty a cur dog and a brown form merge into one flying image, yellow as white dor mingle in a swiftly moving picture, brown-gray in the first grant and proud youngster is carrying him by the hind legs. That rabbit is snatched from the jaws of a cur and a proud youngster is carrying him by the hind legs. That rabbit is mest.

Every Country Boy Known H.

Every Country Boy has been a member of just such a chorus in boyhood's happy days. Long before he was given his first gun he hunted rabbits with 210 and the fellers, getting them from under brush piles, smoking them out of a hole, pulling them from a hollow long or other place of fancled security. Habbits were the first game he hunted on stands. All that is needed when the proudest day of his life arrived, and "Dad give me a gun." That day is hoped and "Dad give me a gun." That day is hoped for content of the content



Next t' a blue tub full o' pink flowers ther haint nothin' that spoils a landscape like father settin' on th' verandy in his bare feet. A self made man wouldn' be so bad if he'd jist keep still about it.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

For glory? For good? For fortune or May ho for the front where the battle is on! Leave the rear to the dolt, the lary, the

Go forward as ever the valiant have gone: Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine, Go forward, right on to the firing line.

Whether newshoy, or plowboy, or cowboy, or clerk, Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first. Be fairest, be bravest, be bast at your

work;
Exuit and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst.
As David, as Alfred—let the dogs skulk and whine—
There is room but for men on the firing line. -Joaquin Miller.

TOWN'S EXPENSES ARE BUT \$7 A MONTH

Books of San Elizario and

\$100 Turned Over to County

Mayor Lorenzo Madrid and city clerk J. J. Montes of the town of San Elizarle, turned over the books of that town and \$100 in cash to county treasurer J. D. Ponder Friday.

The mayor's salary had been \$1 per month and the total cost of the town administration was \$7 per month except during ditch cleaning time when it was \$27, but the town decided to disincorporate. The county holds the \$100 to pay any debts of the town which may have to be paid.

Success Talks To Men and Boys

The Business Of Being a Father

Madison Peters

leave unfinished in our education, the children complete in us."

Oliver Wendell Helmes tells us that "many of the noblest and most heautiful traits of s man's character are left undeveloped and unperfected until he knows what it is to have a child look up into his face and say "Father."

If this be true of a man, how much more so is it of a woman, that she is undeveloped and unperfected until she knows what it is to have a little child ford to let his children grow up without weaving himself into the memories of their golden youth.

Children Poetry of World.

One of the inallenable rights of your

When franklin made his discovery of the identity of light-ning and electricity, people asked: "Of what use is it?" The philosopher's retort was: "What's the use of a child? It may become a man."

Goethe said: "What the women leave unfinished in our education, the children complete in us."

Son," are children not interesting?"

When the children come, what shall you do with them? What duties do you owe them? What is the parent's part in making the home? The responsability rests upon both parents.

The man who is too dignified to play with his baby or help the little ones in their games, not only lacks one of the finest elements of true greatness, but fails in one of his duties to his